

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.]

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

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POETRY.

LABOR AND REST.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past,"
Russian Proverb.

"Two hands upon the breast,
And labor is done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
And wrath at peace."
So say we old men, mourning our lot,
God in His kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work and rest,
Aye for his praise;
Two feet that never rest,
Walking His ways;
Two eyes that look above,
Still, through all tears;
Two lips that breathe but love,
Never more fears."
So try we afterwards, low at our knees:
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VERMONT COUSIN.

A CAPITAL STORY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

"It is too provoking, isn't it, that father will insist upon inviting that Yankee cousin to come and stay at our house and go to school. I don't see, for my part how he came to have such country relations, but since he has I think he might let them stay up among their own green mountains, instead of bringing them down to mortify us in the city with their awkward ways and twang."

Thus spoke our Miss Julia Acton to her younger sister Helen, after they had retired to their room one evening, during which the expected arrival of the Vermont cousin had been one theme of conversation.

"I am sure I have more reason to be mortified than you, Julia," answered Helen, "for I have to walk with her to and from school, and of course I cannot conceal from the girls that she is my cousin, and I know they will all ridicule her, and make all manner of fun of her. Brother Ned stopped there last year, when he was travelling through New England, and he says they all say 'new' and 'about' and 'dew tell' and I am sure I shall sink if she talks so before the girls."

"Well I think no one has as much reason to dread her coming as I have," answered Julia, "for what do you think Herbert Ferguson will say when he finds that we have such a Yankee set of relations; he has such a horror of everything unfree, I shouldn't wonder if he would desert me altogether, after she comes to the house, rather than be brought into contact with any thing vulgar. He has been more than usually attentive, too lately, and mamma says he is the greatest catch in town."

"Well, now, I have heard that Herbert Ferguson cares only for intellect; that he thinks nothing of looks in comparison."

"I can tell you you are mistaken, Miss Helen, if he has no regard for looks, as you say, you ought to know what he said to me, lately; but no matter, I won't tell you, I only wish father wasn't so obstinate, and mamma is quite as much vexed about it as we are; why! even the servants will laugh at her! I know: Thomas is so excessively genteel."

"Well, well, it can't be helped. Father feels under great obligations to Lucy's father; the brothers all agreed that father should be sent to college, and the others remained at home and worked on the farm and provided the means of his education, and now he thinks he ought to assist them in return. But one thing I would suggest, Miss Julia, and that is, that you have your party over before she comes; of course she will not go out, as she is only a school girl, but I know father will insist upon having her in the room, if we have company at home."

"Well thought of, Helen; let's see, I am engaged every night for a week to come; I certainly cannot get an evening till the latter part of next week; oh! I am so afraid she will come before that time; it will just spoil all my pleasure, and I expected so much."

The invitations for Miss Julia's party were all sent out, and the extensive preparations were proceeding most swimmingly, when the very day before that on which the party was to be given, a stage laden with trunks drew up before the door of Mr. Acton's elegant mansion. From this, in the first place, alighted a stout, sunburnt young farmer, who was immediately followed by a slender girl of about sixteen years of age; this latter being none other than the much dreaded Vermont cousin.

fine folk as the Acton's was all he could stand. He was on his way to Yale college, his uncle having, from his own observation, and from what he had heard of the young man, been convinced that to keep him laboring upon a farm without the advantages of education, would be to hide under a bushel a light which, if trimmed and fed, and suffered to shed its beams might shine forth for the illumination of its own and future generations. And with this expectation he sought and gained a willing consent from his elder brother, to his proposed plan of taking the education of Arthur under his care.

As I said before, Arthur was not at all at ease among his fine relations, who, with the exception of his uncle, took no pains to make him feel so, and therefore, to Miss Julia's great relief, he took his departure that same evening for New Haven.

Cousin Lucy—but I'm afraid you will set her down as ugly, if I simply describe her features, and she is such a favorite of mine that I could wish her to make a favorable impression upon my readers from the first. Now I cannot deny that Lucy had bright sunburn hair; Julia called it red, but Julia was not always good natured, and did not adhere so closely to the truth as she might. Lucy's nose was slightly inclined to turn up at the point, and her complexion was one of those exceedingly fair ones which easily freckle, but she had a pair of the loveliest, laughing, deep blue eyes, and the sweetest smile, and the most brilliant teeth, and when she spoke or smiled, (and she seldom did one without the other) there was a charm about her whole face which made you forget hair and nose, and freckles, and you only looked upon it as a face to love.

True, she had what Julia called a "Yankee twang," and she was not dressed in the height of the latest fashion, but in spite of these draw backs you loved her still, at least some people did. There was a great deal more about Cousin Lucy, too, to call for respect and admiration; but this will all come out in time.

As she was she had come, and now she must appear at the party, and be introduced as the cousin of the Misses Acton. It was mortifying—it was distressing—but there was no help for it now.

The evening of the party proved clear and bright, and as it was well known that the entertainment at the Actons would be one of the most brilliant of the season, none of the invited who could get there remained absent. By ten o'clock the brilliantly lighted rooms were well filled. Cousin Lucy, simply attired in white cambric, (for she had rejected the ornaments and other embellishments with which her cousins, for their own sakes, would have adorned her,) sat alone in one corner of a sofa. She was introduced to very few; she did not look in the least neglected, however, but sat in unaffected enjoyment of the now and brilliant scene.

An hour after the other guests were all assembled, snatched in leisurely, as if for a call, with her hat under her arm, and his slight little cane in his hand, an exquisite of the first water, rejoicing in the euphonious name of Mr. Meredith Fitz-Henry. This is one of those brilliant youths whose whole time during his day, which begins perhaps at twelve o'clock, is spent lounging in saloons, studying the fashions, sauntering up and down Broadway, and staring at the ladies, or driving on the fashionable thoroughfares; & in the evening dressing for public entertainments, and attending them. He aims at being "the glass of fashion and the mould of form;" and has no higher ambition in life than to be studied and copied as the perfection of dress. He fancied himself a Beau Brummel as to manners, a Count D'Orsay in point of beauty and grace. He may be handsome—we cannot tell—for the immense amount of hair about his face renders it impossible to distinguish any feature, except a pair of great round light eyes, and a sharp and very effeminate nose. Occasionally he condescends to smile, and then his white teeth gleam through the mass of hair surrounding the lower part of his face, like lightning from a dark cloud.

Mr. Meredith Fitz-Henry, unfortunately, sets up for a wit, and his silly speeches are laughed at, and repeated by sillier young ladies, till he is really deluded into the belief that they are worth repetition.

On entering Mr. Acton's parlor Mr. Meredith Fitz-Henry, with his glass fixed in his eye, stared about him with great nonchalance and impudence, till at length his attention was attracted by the Vermont cousin, sitting so quietly in her corner, utterly unconscious of his observation.

"Ah! what vision of loveliness and grace is that I see before me?" exclaimed he to Miss Laura Wilton, a very young lady enjoying her first winter out.

This brilliant speech was greeted with the usual titter by the young ladies, who were exceedingly flattered by even this mark of attention from the perfumed and bewhiskered exquisite.

"Oh, that is a country cousin of the Acton's, from Vermont; a farmers daughter, excessive-ly verdant, I assure you," answered the young lady.

"From Vermont, is she? ah, well! I suppose I must pay Vermont a little attention; I wonder who will lay me under everlasting obligations by giving me an introduction to so fair a creature."

"Oh, I will introduce you," answered Miss Laura in great glee, and then by signs she telegraphed those near her to draw up to the sofa, as great fun might be expected. Gradually the crowd thickened in that part of the room, all pretending to be engaged about something else, but all eager to hear the witty Meredith Fitz-Henry quiz the Vermont cousin.

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Herbert Ferguson sat quietly looking over a book of plates at a table near the sofa, on which the introduction having now taken place in due form, the perfumed exquisite threw himself with his head thrown back, & his delicate little shining boots thrust out, determined to show himself off to his ad-

mirers, and have some fun out of the unsuspecting country girl.

"Ahem! lately arrived, I believe," said Fitz-Henry.

"Yes, sir, I came yesterday," answered Lucy, very simply.

A few more questions were asked, to which Lucy replied in a perfectly lady-like manner, thinking all the time that she was conversing with a very soft-pated excom, but being too good natured to let him see how great a fool she thought him. At length the exquisite remarked:

"Everything's very green up there in Vermont, isn't it?"

This witicism was followed by such a giggle that Lucy, casting her eyes quickly round on the group before her, and seeing the look of eager expectation on almost every face, understood at once that the witty, green-eyed man was intending to make a butt of her for the amusement of the bystanders;—brightening up at once, she began to take an interest in the conversation and replied:

"Oh, yes, we have green things there, but I have seen greener ones already since I came to the city."

"No, dew tell," said the unsuspecting dandy, imitating Lucy's tone of voice; "how's wheat now?"

"Well, wheat's poor," said Lucy, apparently with much interest.

"Let it be now, what a pity! what's the matter with it?"

"Why, they say it all runs to beard this year, and when that is the case there is little or no head, and if there is it hasn't anything in it."

A few laughed heartily now, who had not laughed before, and Herbert Ferguson, laying down his book, fixed his eyes on the Vermont cousin, as if he expected some amusement.

The young fop filleted and turned red, tapped his little boot with his cane, laughed a silly laugh, as if he did not know just what to make of the girl, and then said:

"Now, I suppose you mean to grace the theatre and opera with your presence, don't you, Lucy?"

No, Lucy said, she thought not.

"Is now? why not? but perhaps your mamma doesn't approve of your going to such places."

"My parents did say they thought I had better not have my mind distracted by such amusements, especially while I was at school."

MAKING HIMSELF USEFUL.

During the session of 1796-7 a wealthy merchant—in conformity with the custom of the times—gave a dinner party to a few of his friends, among whom was a member of Congress of that period. On the appointed day, however, the lady of the house was somewhat annoyed at an early hour by the intrusion of an old man at the door. Having been met by a servant, he inquired if the proprietor of the house—whom he will call Mr. Topham—was at home. Upon receiving a negative reply, and being furthermore informed that he would not be at home for some three or four hours, the old man said:

"Well, being as I am here, I may as well remain until he comes." "Please wait a moment," said the servant, "I will call Mrs. Topham to the door, and see what she will say." The servant then ran and called the merchant's wife, who made her appearance.

The old man then repeated what he had said to the servant—that being as he was there he might as well remain until her husband came. "Well," replied Mrs. T. "If you will stay, just walk through the alley and go back to kitchen and take a seat."

Nothing daunted, the old man obeyed orders, and passed through the alley to the kitchen, where he found Mrs. T. and the servants very busily engaged in preparing dinner. Supposing him some old man seeking employment, Mrs. T. was free in calling into question his services in her work of preparing dinner, and he was equally willing and ready to render all assistance possible.

"Old man," said she, "suppose you take the bucket, go to the hydrant, and draw 'us some water." He at once readily complied with the request. "Old man," again she said, "suppose you assist us a little in preparing dinner, as we have a dinner party to-day, and are very hurried indeed. Just peel a few potatoes if you please." No sooner was the request made than the "old man" got to work peeling potatoes with a right good will.

After all things were sufficiently advanced to release Mrs. T. from further supervision, she went into her chamber to arrange her toilet to receive her husband's guests. At the proper hour her husband came in, and then, one by one, came those who were to dine with him on that day. In due time all arrived but one—Mr. C. M. Topham then began to express his surprise at the absence of the Virginia representative, as he thought he would certainly have been one of the first if not the first, to make his appearance, knowing that his dinner at home was an early one.

When about coming to the conclusion that the Virginia M. C. would fail to make his appearance, Mrs. T. memory, which seemed to have proved rather treacherous, became effulgent, and she sequented her husband with the fact that there was an "old man" in the kitchen who had been waiting to see him for the last three or four hours.

Mr. T. immediately repaired to the kitchen to ascertain the "old man's" wants, when lo! and behold who should he find but our M. C. himself! Astonished beyond measure, and with confused utterance, he exclaimed, "Why, how came you here?" He simply replied, "I was invited to the kitchen by your wife, and as I came much before your dinner hour, I have been making myself useful."

Mr. T. at once invited and accompanied him into the parlor, and introduced him to his wife and guests as the "Hon. Robert Rutherford, of Virginia."

The lady's feelings can be better imagined by the reader than described by the writer; but the balance of the day passed off pleasantly, saving the lady's abashment resulting from not recognizing the "Virginia Member of Congress."

TRUTH ABOUT DEATH.—The common mode of discoursing on this subject, so interesting to every one of us, is so stilted and over our heads, that we are glad to hear Common Sense have his say about it. Thus sensibly and wisely writes some able man, in an English Review:

"It is a great thing, unutterably awful and thrilling—when for the first time in our lives Death the Conqueror makes himself known to us in all the mystery of his might and inexorable. Every day the newspapers publish his obituary; you are well aware that fifty people die in a minute; you have been in the habit of looking up at closed blinds in the street with some sort of awe; and in the great squares have noted grave has as night a baronial ruin; a newly-made grave has not been without a voice and a moral, funerals have intercepted your path in the thorough-ways."

But even Death next door is Death afar off; a vague distant terror, and not a darkly awful presence—stead with suspended respiration and fevered temples—stand under the very fapping of his wings, as the inexorable stoops to breathe the last chill upon the forehead of some beloved one; feel that the solemn shadow in which you stand is deepening and deepening; kneel where the silver cord is snapped, kneel by a pale corpse in the flush of an hour before dawn, with no sounds to be heard but the sobs of passionate mourners and the ticking of a clock—kneel, and say to God the 'Never more' of a bereaved heart, the 'Help Lord, or I perish' of a soul that is come into the deep waters: so stand, and kneel, so cry to the Lord of life, and you will know what death is, and what a celestial hope may rise at last luminous and large, out of the blackness of horror in the world—DEAD.

A simple child (says Wordsworth)—a simple child, That lightly dwells its breath, And floats its life in every limb, What should it know of Death?

And it is beautifully said. But I was long, very long past the age of childhood, before I could bring myself to believe in dying. To this day, I can with difficulty only, and by a direct mental effort, conceive even of one [dying]—mentally sick as dying—dead! So completely does actual, present life, even when faint and fluttering, keep its negation out of my sight. That the beautiful flame

which lights up the eye, and glows in the touch, should ever go out!

To die!—To lie in cold obstruction and to rot; This sensible warm motion to become A kneaded clod!

And other pulses go on beating; and other stars to keep step along the sky; and the south wind to ripple the rivers and stir the leaves of the trees; and little children to prattle and play; and the million-fold hum of life to wake anew every morning; and the round impassive heaven to be blue as ever—O it is strange, and was once stranger still to me!

But if anything could be stranger than death itself, it would be the chatter, and idle, pompous cold-bloodedness with which coarse minded persons seem to go about with what is called the last marks of respect to the departed. It may well strike you dumb with amazement to hear a widow, who has just lost an only son, call out to some one to 'take care the funeral-cake is made with currants, because she can't bear caraway seeds'; but that I once heard with my own ears. And what has put me into this mortuary train of thought is that, my door being ajar, I overheard a very sharp rapid voice, addressing the servant thus:—

"O if you please, could you tell me where a Miss Richards, a dressmaker, lives, somewhere about here, her name is on my list; I have a mourning which my husband died a fortnight ago of a hulastrated sore throat, and I've only got one round and bonnet that fit to go out in and besides I know a young female that's dead of being disappointed in love with my brother Hollier which he was married last week and a lock of his hair and a piece of poetry was found in her work-box; and her relations is in want of some hextra mourning, and I've been hunting everywhere for Miss Richards, and I feel quite sorry myself, because as I was passing by the Featherers they took in a little boy as had been found drowned, and quite upset me, if you'd believe me!"

"O heavens and earth! Is it possible that a widow of fourteen days can rattle on in this fashion, taking for the starting point of her talk the death of him who has lain in her bosom—and all to a wrangler on the door step! Is this mourning! Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables, when I am next forced to put on woollings!"

Living by one's wits.

Nine persons sailed from Basle down the Rhine. A Jew who wished to go to Schaffhausen, was allowed to come on board and journey with them on condition that he would conduct himself with propriety, and give the captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

Now it is true, something jingled in the Jew's pocket when he struck his hands against it; but the only money there was there in a twelve kreutzer piece, for the other was a brass button. Notwithstanding this he accepted the offer with gratitude, for he thought to himself "something may be earned even upon the water. There is many a man who has grown rich upon the Rhine."

During the first part of the voyage, the passengers were very talkative and merry, and the Jew, with his wallet under his arm—for he did not lay it aside—was the object of much mirth and mockery, as alas is often the case with those of his nation. But as the vessel sailed onward, and passed Thuringen and Saint Veit, the passengers one after the other grew silent and gazed down the river, until one spoke out:

"Come, Jew, do you know any pastime that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many one during their long stay in the wilderness."

"Now is the time," thought the Jew, "to shear my sheep! And he proposed that they should sit round in a circle, and propound very curious questions to each other, and he, with their permission, would sit down with them. Those who could not answer the questions should pay the one who propounded them a twelve-kreutzer piece; and those who answered them pertinently should receive a twelve kreutzer piece."

The proposal pleased the company, and hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each once asked at random, whatever entered his head.

Thus, for example, the first one asked: "How many soft boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat upon an empty stomach?"

All said that it was impossible to answer that question, and each paid his twelve kreutzers.

But the Jew said, "One; for he who has eaten one egg cannot eat a second one on an empty stomach." And the other paid him twelve kreutzers.

The second thought, wait Jew, and I will try you out of the New Testament, and I think I shall win my piece. "Why did the Apostle Paul write the second epistle to the Corinthians?"

from Basle to Bern in the shade, in the summer time; when the sun shines!"

The Jew said: "When he comes to a place where there is no shade, he must dismount and go on foot."

The eighth asked: "When a man rides in the winter time from Bern to Basle and has forgotten his gloves, how must he manage so that his hands shall not freeze?"

The Jew said: "He must make fists out of them."

The ninth was the last. This one asked: "How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish?"

The Jew said: "The last must take the dish with the egg, and can let it lay there as long as he pleases."

But now it came to his turn, and he determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments he asked, with an air of mischievous friendliness,—

"How can a man fry two trout in three pans, so that a trout may lay in each pan?"

No one can answer this, and one after another gave him a twelve kreutzer piece. But when the ninth desired that he should answer it himself, he frankly acknowledged that he knew not how the trout could be fried in such a way.

Then it was maintained that this was unfair in the Jew, but he stoutly affirmed that there was no provision for it in the agreement, save that he who could not answer the question should pay the kreutzers; and he fulfilled the agreement by paying that sum on the ninth of his comrades who had asked him to solve it himself, so they laughed heartily over their own loss and at the Jew's cunning.

KEEP DARK.—The appended negro story, copied from a Southern correspondent of the Boston Journal, is worth reading:

"When C— gave his black man, Sawney, funds and permission to get a quarter's worth of zoology at a menagerie. Our sable friend soon found himself under the canvas, and brought too, in front of a sedate looking baboon, and eyeing the quadruped closely; colloquized thus: 'Folks—sure's yer born; feet, hands, and proper bad countenance, just like wigger; gettin' old, I reckon.' Then as if seized with a bright idea, he extended his hand with a genuine Southern 'How do ye do, uncle!' The ape clasped the negro's hand and shook it long and cordially."

"Sawney then plied his new acquaintance with interrogations as to his name, age, nativity and former occupations, but eliciting no replies beyond a knowing shake of the head, or a merry twinkling of the eye, (the ape was probably meditating the best way of tweaking our friend's nose), he concluded the ape was bound to keep non-committal, and looking cautiously around, chuckled out: 'Hee, hee, too sharp for 'em, old feller! Keep dark—if ye'd just speak one word of English, white man would have a hoo in yer hand in less dan two minutes.'"

The Louisville Journal, speaking of the *Sag Nights*—a secret political association opposed to the American party, says:

We have taken no pains whatever to obtain information as to the condition and doings of the *Sag* Nights societies of Louisville, yet a great deal has been told us from sources that we know to be authentic. The Louisville Times was very near correct in its boast that they number two thousand members. We know many places of their meeting, which are generally in the third stories of houses. They have adopted a system of discipline more rigid and stringent than any other party ever before heard of in the annals of party conflict. They admit no man to their assemblies till he has assumed obligations of the utmost solemnity. They have their pass words, signs and signals, everything in fine for which they have so ferociously denounced the Know-Nothing. They have a distinct set of signs and signals for each ward. To insure greater effectiveness they have subdivided their men into squads of ten, each with its commanding officer, who makes himself responsible for the forthcoming of its individuals! squad whenever its services are required for voting or any other purpose. No army in the field under the command of Napoleon or Wellington was ever more thoroughly drilled than this secret army of *Sag* Nights now in 'our midst, an army as noiseless in its movements as if they were a host of phantoms."

IGNORIOUS RASCALITY.—A wine merchant in Paris recently received a note as follows:

"Sir—For some time you have been robbed, at retail, we have now resolved to rob you by wholesale, I hereby notify you that, to-morrow night, should you not adopt measures to prevent it, your cellar will be entirely drained."

"Secret!" cried the merchant, and he loaded his pistols, and at the appointed night descended into the cellar, and seated himself between two wine casks. Everything in the cellar remained safe, but on returning home in the morning, he found every room in his house rifled, and all his plate, money, and clothes purloined. The thieves had persuaded him to take care of his cellar while they should rob his house.